THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1735.

Original Poetry.

SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. S. F. SMITH.

'Tis sunset on the prairie. A bright flood Of crimson glory gilds the western sky, And o'er the unbroken, broad, undulating plain, Flings like a sea of gold. The autumnal mists Rise faintly on the breeze that wanders near The breed campagna, to sad memory wakes Some sad regretful thought of distant friends afar, And dims some eye with tears.

Far, far away, Mid the green hills, where lies a quiet vale Some-wood mid green trees of old-vast growth, Gleams a sweet cottage, like a silvery thread Winding its white course up the hill-side. Anon our childhood's home. There we find knees At our father's knee, learned how and there Lay many a tome beloved, where lies well words Seemed fraught with the most of mother's love. In vacation wiles, lent back upon your gates, To read those books, or sing, like a hymn of peace, The blessing of the sunset hour.

How brightly luminous The golden mist round you heaven's verge, And the crimson clouds, how soft and purple above! Our the bright prairie—how quiet against the sky. Looms yonder village and stately grove, Tall many a league away: while here and there, And skirt upon the sea, the cottage of some hardy settler with their curtain lowered, Gleam rosy-red upon the sunset and its dyes, Whose set sole names to sections with some Her great gifts to man. The summer blossoms there perfect and fragrant, and the autumn fruit Bloom those of another growth. The past, serene, In the quietude of evening hour, and prayer Mid the wild gamma wave their bending heads In prayerful adoration, and the cares of day Along the range of you green sloping vale, Like a deep brook or meander murmuring by, The lowing herds wave her long yellow hay Into the home.

Here the eye wells in tears Some tougher than the sunset's glowing range Or cliff, now rude-shaped into new ragged steep, Remains the view. The luminous atmosphere Is not a perfected semblance, around over Of it a soft purple haze, and the sky above And golden gauze. At the time must here Of evening, when a strange stillness broods over the land, and the voices of the day Of twilight deepens, on the solemn stars Come forth, and the moon in queen's quiet hush, The burning cares of you glorious sky, Or emerging with a gorgeous splendor at night, Tinged with the rainbow's variegated hues, From Western, unbroken, bright expanse of cloud Of the heavens, widely curving round, Like a mighty arch, from east to west is seen, Of the heavens, widely curving round, Like a mighty arch, from east to west is seen, And flooding it with splendor. Then two-tones harps Of the heavens, widely curving round, Like a mighty arch, from east to west is seen, On the still ambient air be drawn to earth, Then two-tones harps of the heavens, widely curving round, Which bears our winged thoughts far, far above The puerile cravings of the restless world— Which sometimes spend their ambrosian hours Over these vast prairies, but soon in returning them Our thoughts to the heart of the meeting our desire for summer retreat.

To love
Pure spirits never meet, and of man does and Commune with angels. In hours like these, And Very high is the capacity of the soul, And journeys onward many a goodly league Toward Heaven's gate, and sees the far off bright treasury, or whose crowned throne Is wrought the robe immortal, with which We shall be clothed, when the last trump shall sound, Unto fading vestments of mortality.

Note. The author intent, with an eye to utility as well as beauty, in locating on the virgin soil of the prairie, before sound her dwelling, on which to erect a temple, dedicated to God, to rather the young and struggling settlement, which he removed, with many others, from the more densely populated eastern States, or rather it is rather though in the same country, in search of home in the vast regions of home, but are of great benefit in sheltering his flocks and herds from the storms of winter, and scenes which sometimes spend their sublimest hours over these vast prairies, but soon in returning them our thoughts to the heart of the meeting our desire for summer retreat.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "HAUNTED."

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

"THE DISMAL WORD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A CLIPPER & CLIPPER'S WISDOM.

And the readers is now engaged in play, And of her face she takes no thought, For such things must begin some day! It is day or night, or wet or fair, At what should we?—Yon labor in vain! Yet labor in vain! Yet labor in vain! I should ever be, as I am, content And glad in her sight; therefore and I will be.—Browning.

It is written. "Then shall not soothe the child in to mother's milk." Yet Commodore Waugh did not hesitate to do those things.

The lady on 39 square 8 is considerably cruelty in the course of years, and Commodore Waugh fully congested as now he was in the course of years yes: while the great consciousness supervised now his mother, (and no one so much as Commodore Waugh) had great reason to believe that now at lightly and with a great deal of ease and grace, he could also live in the up-stairs room, and that the nurse might have forced upon her. But her Commodore to make her tremble for the fate of her mother!

For a year past, that poor woman's health, and strength, and spirits, had been gradually sinking. A close room, an incited atmosphere, a change in the weather, a little indiscretion in diet, anything of the kind was enough to make her ill for a day or a week. It happened. There was also the little backing cough, and there was the flush in the cheeks, and light in the eyes, and tightness in the chest, and pain in the side, and shortness of breath, and all that could scarcely as yet be recognized as consumption, but which soon became only too unmistakable. And all the rest of the family too well understood the insidious approach of the fell scourge. Every one knew it but herself, except Hortense, who had had a long and very remarkable experience in the matter, and who instinctively warned her in the following words, "Mary, you must keep in that draught." "Mary, child, don't sit in that draught." "Mary, you must not go out in the damp air." "Mary, you must not be out in the damp air." "Mary, you must not be out in the damp air." "Mary, you must not be out in the damp air."

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Foreign Sketches.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Twenty Months in the Winter Hemisphere.—Visit to Madeira.—Voyage to the Cape.—The Shortest.

After a long silence, I take up my pen, to put myself once more in communication with the readers of the Post. Through absence of many months from the lively Austrian capital, I have with greatest reconciliation to some of my pleasantest duties, and of all, that of the visit; all a sedulous to be more agreeable way than by conducting my readers to the spots where the people are to be seen.

I have more than once intimated that the native city of Vienna is by no means an attractive one. Along its crooked, narrow streets, no trees offer their friendly shade, and their still more friendly absence at a hot outside of those harsh, cold walls. We will hurry away from the pleiboric odorless of unventilated streets through the Graben, the great street of shops and shoppers, through the Kohlmarkt, not less busy and still more fashionable, and through the palace, plunge with the mass, beneath the heavy archways of the palace, and past the Franzensplatz. Still the plain solid walls mock us, and we join the crowd again, and passing the daily exhibition of imperial guard, and the another gloomy arch, we come to the only green spot within the city. The traveling is now more rapid. We turn and run a trot and a romp with the children scattered upon it; but we are no longer children; we are in haste to see the vertical prosperity in a hard manner, and the city. Through the broad walks of the park we catch glimpses of flowers tempting us to a nearer among them. But the gate is shut, and we jabberless meet remain with the fair of the imperial garden. Directly opposite, typical of the antagonism between the rich and the rabble, stands the Volksgarten, the people's garden. The gate ever open, by daylight, shows us a pleasant vista, of flowers, shrubbery, and smoothly cropped lawn. We enter, for there are no fee gardens in or around Vienna, and we belong to the stranger, or denier to the citizen. Under the thick shadow of its well-trimmed trees hundreds of men and women, old and in bears at the day, in spring and summer, the people have no more delightful spot. The Post-Office paying the delicious tree for which Vienna is celebrated. Not unexpectedly, too, you may hear the strains of music from one of the most excellent bands of which Vienna is proud. Views in the wind, and Strauss and Lanner, the people flock here in unwonted numbers, for the last-named head of Strauss electrifies the music and Viennese with the great composer's waltzes, or with favorite pieces from current operas. When the long summer days are over, and the approaching coolness of autumn admonishes the people to shun open-air concerts, they crowd into the low, but cozy, concert-building, which serves at once to a concert hall and a coffee house, where, into a cozy, box-like stage the bandsmen hold of the coffee, tems, and genius of old John Strauss, commands his bands, leaves, and tempts the lions down well drilled followers. For these hours the room remains quiet and thronged, coffee, cream, and Cognac, the silver spoil keeping the audience together.

But not music alone has its temple in the heart of the masses. In the centre of the garden stands a modest but neat structure to the Grecian style, devoted to the reception of one of the greatest works which the genius of sculpture has ever known—Canova's "Vienna Killing the Centaur." The subject is not one lending itself to the most pleasing class, and in the hands of an inferior artist produces disgust, but the mass of genius throws a charm around the terrible and catastrophic, and one lingers long before this magnificent group. I have never seen the beautiful and the brutal more successfully united than in this man-horse, and as the beholder the rift out of him, and with uplifted club threatens the final, fatal blow, the mysterious of human hate, and brutal, instinctive dread of death, find their perfect portraiture in the half-human horse. The problem proposed to the artist, of representing the lawless monster in the struggling but conscious agonies of death, has been solved without a trace of the over-strained and extravagant action which is common in pieces of this kind. In the clenched hand buried to the arm of his antagonist, in the distorted face, and finely clinched, nearly strong limbs of the beast, there is nothing exaggerated, nothing exaggerated. The calm power, the here as he slays the destroyer of his people, man from those spliced eyes, and ayard from the compressed lips and wholly sympathetic form. Canova's Hercules is not the less of human inspiration, and the celebrated group of John of Bologna, representing the same subject, seems to me less penetrated by the soul of art. This beautiful piece does not stand secluded and unvisited, but at all hours on fine days an admiring group may be seen gathered round it, taking in the lessons which it is the mission of genius to teach us.

But I am wandering away from my subject. Let us return through the garden and to the first stand before the palace gate. If we turn to the left and ascend the pathway between the palace and the imperial garden, we reach the wall of the town, or Basteі as it is called. If it happens to be a fine evening, we shall see orchestra hour, between twelve and two, we shall find plenty of company. The southern half of the wall is the favorite walker promenade of the Viennese, and when the weather is fine, the broad place below, and the imposing front of the suburbs beyond, form by no means a disagreeable prospect. Still it is the human panorama below and around us, that will interest us most. On Sunday, after the chief mass is over, the throng is at its height, and no where in Europe is a more motley or polyglot crowd to be seen. Turks, Arabs and Greeks in their picturesque national costume, jostle the sober German, or the representatives of the dozen different nations that make up the heterogeneous Austrian Empire. The physiognomist and the ethnologist have a rich and varied field of study in the people that pass. And even a dash into vice, where so many races seek a home, does not on most men to create the origin of those he meets, as on the promenades of Vienna. The variety of language is quite as striking. Around the base, and occasionally intruded language of the citizens, which might almost be called Viennese rather than German, clatter the sterner and more musical tongues of the Magyar, the lisping and croaking Sclavonian, with its kindred of the Bohemian tribe, the sweetly flowing and fascinating Italian, to say nothing of the cosmopolitan French, and the English, sounding to me, with all the roughness, like home-music in a strange land. Yet there is something more attractive than peculiarities of language, dress, or fencing dashes and gallant leaves are displaying their graces of toilet and of person, and those pretty faces, of which the home in Vienna is fertile, scatter all sober thoughts, and one feels himself more than ever the sooner, or he is musing, not a thinking long.

C. G.

EP "I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boastingly. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

EP The fellow who "toed the mark," has since "kicked the bucket."

EP The Court Journal speaks of a new contrivance called the "Magnetic Page-thrower," which enables the pianist to turn over the leaves of music without pausing from playing. There will be one more to come, we fancy, for the services of polite young gentlemen.

EP "What will you have me in you will?" said a lady to a very polite but very coolly answered, "The wide world, my dear."

EP Said a pretty woman to a friend of one a few days since—"Husband has made me a present of the little bill you owe him."

EP A woman said to a police court, the other day, that before marriage her husband pretended to be church struck with her, but now she was every day struck by him.

EP Mr. Rarey, an American resident at Constantinople, says that "foreign Governments look upon us as a bold, but people, regarding us as the New York Dandies of the Old World, with great respect and abhorrence."

EP At a show down East, the audience were suddenly initiated in total darkness by an accidental putting out of the lights. Among the rest, was a newly married country Jonathan and his pretty bride; and on the same bench—a stranger to them—and a gentleman who was profiting by the darkness, fell to kissing the bride. She whispered to her husband—"John, John! that fellow believe's kissin' me!" "Tell him 'tother's," said John, for John, of course probably, stood a little in awe of the philosopher from the city, and found himself literature, in perplexing circumstances. "No, I can't," whispered the bride. "you tell him." "Make him quit!" said John, now getting quite excited. "I don't like to," whispered the bride, "*he's a perfect stranger to me!*"

EP There is a newcomer on the Illinois Railroad, we learn, that he studies weight in tons and a half. There is some atmosphere in that "moreishness."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

SEE THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE NOT PUBLISHED IN ANY OTHER PAPER AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

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Persons in the city or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one of the offices where they can fix on conveniently.

A FEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have to extend the time of publication of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

Postmasters are requested letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, to which they live. *All letters should be post paid.*

Persons wishing their papers changed, will please give us the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

The first or 1st of each month the Post-Masters will assert themselves and get up large Clubs; and if they do not find them, we will take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Properties to other fellowships and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

THE ARCTIC.

It seems now that all the crew and passengers of the Arctic might easily have been saved, had the French propeller, the Vesta, been only conscious of the Arctic's danger. The captain of the Vesta thinks his vessel could have lifted four or five hundred souls, and enough to have taken the Arctic's passengers to Halifax, at one trip; and it is one of the saddest incidents of this deplorable affair, that the peril of the Arctic should never have been known on board the Vesta.

Our own views relative to Captain Luce are fully sustained by the letter of the Boston Transcript. If the Arctic had been run backward, which she was prepared for doing, instead of being lifted her off the rocks, she would have enough to have taken the Arctic's passengers to Halifax, at one trip; and it is one of the saddest incidents of this deplorable affair, that the peril of the Arctic should never have been known on board the Vesta.

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Some may say—oh yes, this is all very easy to think of in an editor's sanctum." But, we ask, is it not reasonable to suppose that the Arctic's officers would have made every effort to save her, when they knew that the Vesta was near? Could they have been more successful? Could they have been more successful? Could they have been more successful

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

General News.

WRECK OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

DETAILED NARRATIVE.

The loss of two such noble vessels as the City of Philadelphia and the Arctic, in the same locality, and within so short a period of each other, has naturally awakened deep interest as to the cause of such disastrous calamities. (In the wreck of the former vessel, no account of a satisfactory second has yet fallen under our observation.) Until the Boston Herald shall be favored by a gentleman who was a passenger, with the following narrative of having reached the first presence, had reached the Herald office, the most reliable information we have been able to procure, was that which the Associated Press gave. The home deemed, which is usually active at this period of the season in the height of the violence of the cholera and other causes, dry goods trade, the export inquiry is of a nature choked by the unfavorable issue of the foreign advices. It is difficult to account for the depressed condition of the Liverpool produce market, which is occupied by the colleagues of Liverpool as brilliantly set forth are reliable. The cotton crop would be very large, the latest garbled accounts from the interior crop, on two of the new crop, from some quarters, that the yield was not a third of the earth. There are thousands of this very crop of Liverpool, and yet the market is said to have done more to perpetuate slavery than southerners themselves."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Local News.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—The Convention, which commenced its sessions last Thursday in the Church of the Messiah, in this city, on Friday at ten o'clock was attended—the Tribune says—by a large audience. The following were the officers of the Convention:

President—Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia.

Secretaries—Susan B. Anthony, Ernestine L. Rose, Abby Kelley Foster, Eunice Nickels, Pierce, Pa.

Business Committee—Susan B. Anthony, James Mott, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley Foster.

The principal daily debates and remarks during the day were on the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That we consider the right to vote, as a right inalienable, conferred of her creator; and that the right of suffrage, when properly exercised, and duly protected, is the only means of securing to woman the equal rights of citizenship.

Resolved, That in demanding the admission of women to the elective franchise, we do not ask any favor, but only wish to exercise them as a right inherent in us as moral beings.

Resolved, That in demanding the admission of women to the elective franchise, we do not ask any favor, but only wish to exercise them as a right inherent in us as moral beings.

Resolved, That we regret to see the women of every American State—first, to petition the Legislature for equal rights in property, second, to use their influence to secure the passage of laws giving to the people the right to possess arms for the defence of their homes

Foreign Sketches.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Visit to Within the Walls—Valley of Jehoshaphat—Pharaoh's Fountain and the Custom-House Hotel.

After a long silence, I take up my pen, "to put myself once more in communication" with the readers of the Post. Though absent for many months from the lively Arabian capital, I turn with grateful recollections to some of my pleasant haunts there, and feel as if I could fill a column in no more agreeable way than by conducting my reader to the spots where the people are to be seen.

I have more than once intimated that the inner city of Vienna is by no means so attractive, even, among its crowded, narrow streets, as the trees offer their friendly shade, and their still more friendly hints of a life outside of those heavy, cold walls. We will hurry away from the plutocratic aristocracy of commercial life, through the Graben, the grand street of shops and shoppers, through the Kohlmarkt, not less busy and still more bustling, and reaching the open space with the mast, beneath the heavy archway leading into the palace yard of Franzensplatz. Still the gaze still walls meet us, and we join the crowd again, and passing the gaily uniformed imperial guard, and through another gateway arch, we come to the only green spot within the city walls. The refreshing, green sward invites to a rest and a romp with the children scattered upon it; but we are no longer children we are no longer free. Conventional propriety is a hard master, and we obey. Through the broad-leaved gate to the left we catch glimpses of flowers tempting us to a sunnier enemy than. But the gate is shut, and we plebeians must remain outsiders. It is the imperial garden. Directly opposite, upon the end of the antagonism between the ruler and the ruled, stands the Volksgarten, the people's garden. The gate over upon the left-hand, open to a pleasant vista of luxuriant trees and well-trimmed grass. We enter, for there are few places in or around Vienna more attractive to the stranger, or dearer to the citizen. Under the thick shades of its well-trimmed trees hundreds of seats are placed, and at all hours of the day, in spring and summer, the people may be seen sipping their coffee, or enjoying the delicious teas for which Vienna is celebrated. Not unfrequently, too, you may hear the strains of music from one of the many regimental bands of which Vienna is proud. Twice in the week, and upon all holidays, the people flock here in unwonted numbers, for the far-famed band of Strauss enrivifies the music and Viennese with the great composer's waltzes, or with lesser pieces from concerts or operas. When the long summer days are over, and the approaching coolness of autumn admonishes the people to shift open-air concerts, they crowd into the long, low, semi circular building, which serves at once as a concert hall and a coffee house, where, from a raised, box-like stage the handsome hair of the tunes, and genius of Johann John Strauss, commands the hearts, brains, and lungs of his three dozen well drilled followers. For three hours the room remains quiet and thronged, coffee, cream, and Cremona, the triune spell keeping the saloonee together.

But not music alone has its temple in the heart of the masses. In the centre of the garden stands a colossal but real monument to the Greek style, devoted to the reception of one of the greatest works of the genius of sculpture, as has ever inspired—Canova's "Theseus killing the Centaur." The subject is not one belonging to the most pleasing class, and the lack of an interior artist produces dogma, but the man of passion stands over a centaur, around the exhibit and catastrophic, and one lingers long before this magnificent group. I have never seen the human and the brute more successfully united than in this man-horse, and as the here clashes the life out of him, and with upliftet club threatens the final, fatal blow, the sentiments of human hate, and brutal, instinctive dread of death, find their perfect portraiture in the half breathing stone. The problem proposed to the artist, of representing the fabulous monster in the struggling but conscious agonies of death, has been solved without a trace of the over-strained and extravagant action which is common in pieces of this kind. In the clenched hand buried in the arm of its antagonist, in the distorted face, and finely chiselled, intensely strong limbs of the beast, there is nothing unnatural, nothing exaggerated, but the calm, perfect, the conscious superiority, the body exultation of the hero as he sings the monster of his passions from those uplifted eyes, and speak from in the compressed lips and widely expanded form. Angelo's David is not so full of a grand inspiration, and the celebrated group of John of Bologna, representing the same subject, is found to be less penetrated by the soul of art. This beautiful piece does not stand secluded and unvisited, but at all hours it finds eyes admiring group may be seen gathered round it, talking in the manner which it is the mission of Greeks to teach us.

But I am wandering away from my subject. Let us return through the garden and up out of front stand before the palace gate. If we turn to the left and ascend the pathway between the palace and the imperial garden, we reach the wall of the town, or Bastei as it is called. If it happens to be a clear evening, and the sun shines hour, between twelve and two, we shall find plenty of company. Two workers hall of the wall in the laterite winter promenade of the Viennese, and when the weather is fine, the broad place below, and the shading trees of the suburbs beyond, form by no means a disagreeable prospect. Still it is the human population before and around us, that will interest us most. On Sunday, after the choir mass is over, the throng is at its height and to where in Europe is a more motley or polyglot crowd to be seen. Turks, Arabs and Greeks in their picturesque national costumes, jostle the sober German, or the representatives or the dozen different nations that make up the heterogeneous Austrian Empire. The physiognomist and the ethnologist have a rich and varied field of study in the groups that now. Not even in Asia-tics, where so many races seek a home, can we so much study the four origin of those to be meets, as on the promenades of Vienna. The variety of language is quite as striking. Around the tame and peculiarly intended language of the citizens, which might almost be called Viennese rather than German, clusters the nervous and musical Magyar, the hissing and crooning Bohemian, with an kindred of the Sclavonic tribes, the rough Scotch Erse, the rolling Italian, to say nothing of the cosmopolitan French, and the English, noticeable to me, with all its roughness, like homemade in a strange land. Let there is something more attractive than peculiarities of language, dress, or form. Gay dames and gallant beaux are displaying their graces and looks and of course, in the most pretty faces, of which the name in Vienna is legion, scatter all sober thoughts, and the town abundantly supplied, for the season, to be a seeing, not a thinking being.

C. G.

☞ "I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boastingly. "Very true," replied his wag-ish companion, "for you can't please any."

☞ The fellow who "lord the match," has since "kindled the beacon."

☞ The Court Journal speaks of a new entertainment called the "Magnetic Fugleterre," which enables the pianist to turn over his leaves of music without pausing from playing. There will be no use now, in comic opera, for the services of polite young gentlemen.

☞ "What will you have me to bow will I?" said a lady to an Irishman. He very coolly answered, "The wide world, my darlint."

☞ Said a pretty woman to a friend of ours a few days since—"Husband was made out a present of the little bill you owe him."

☞ A woman said in a police court, the other day, that before marriage her father pretended to be much struck with her, but now she was every day struck to him.

☞ Mr. Marsh, our late Minister at Constantinople, says that "foreign Governments look upon us as a bold, bad people, regarding us as the New York Dutchman did the Yankee, with great respect and abhorrence."

☞ At a short down East, the audience were suddenly inspired to take favorable leave by an assiduous pouring out of the liquids. Among the rest, was a newly-married country Jonathan and his pretty bride; and on the same bench was a stranger to both—and a ugly gentleman Who, prudding by the darkness, fell to kissing the bride. She whispered to her husband—"John, John! this 'ere feller's a kissin' on me!" "Tell him to quit," said John for John, 'a mean problem, moral a little to save of the philosopher from the city, and found himself, therefore, in perplexing circumstances. "No, I say," whispered the bride, "you tell him." "Make him quit!" said John, low getting quite excited. "I don't like to," whispered the bride, "*he's a perfect stranger to me!*"

☞ There is a locomotive on the Illinois Railroad, so heavy, that its shadow weighs a ton and a half. There is some sausage-ness in that "sensation."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

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TERMS, &c.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1855.

General News.

WRECK OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

DETAILED NARRATIVE.

The loss of two such noble vessels as the City of Philadelphia and the Arctic, in the same month, and within so short a period of each other, has naturally awakened deep interest as to the cause of such disastrous calamities. On the wreck of the former vessel, a report of a satisfactory account has not taken under our observation; but the Boston Traveller has been favored by a gentleman who was a passenger, with the following narrative of the occurrence. He says:

On the 13th, the City of Philadelphia, was on her boat, on the screw principle, of 2,154 tons burthen, and was commanded by an experienced seaman. This was our first trip, and she was called the finest vessel that ever left Liverpool. Capt. Lott, a gentleman enjoying a very high character for nautical ability, and who has since had the entire confidence of the company. We left Liverpool on Saturday, the 11th day of August, with nearly 600 passengers on board, about equally divided between cabin and steerage, who had been waiting about six weeks in Liverpool for the steamer. Passengers were taken here both on the 15th of the month, but on the morning of the 13th we were ordered to put back, owing to her bearing getting hot, and on her examination it was found that the bolts of the Clyde,—unusual circumstances both,—that she was gun off, and we returned to Liverpool, and began to load her cargo. I have since learned that she was in great haste to get off, and began to load her cargo. I have since learned that she was in great haste to get off, and began to load her cargo. I have since learned that she was in great haste to get off, and began to load her cargo.

We were blessed with pretty fair weather from the commencement of the second day, and exceeded all sail. The new steamer proved herself a fine steamboat, and up to the time of the catastrophe accomplished the very splendid average of 13 miles an hour, under full sail.

On the 17th, the weather was thick, and the fog-horn was sounding every minute, when we were startled by the cry of "Breakers ahead!" and the next moment the vessel struck with a fearful crash. The passengers, who had been sleeping in their berths, were thrown out of them, and rushed on deck, each eagerly inquiring what was the matter. The vessel struck with a fearful crash. The passengers, who had been sleeping in their berths, were thrown out of them, and rushed on deck, each eagerly inquiring what was the matter. The vessel struck with a fearful crash. The passengers, who had been sleeping in their berths, were thrown out of them, and rushed on deck, each eagerly inquiring what was the matter.

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A GOOD HIT.

In New York the tournament are beleaguring each other. Some houses are out by the Jews by very singular and prejudiced reasons with reference to some of the "Barnburner & Hunker" have issued their circular, which will be found below, touching the expected position. It contains some genuine notion, with its very many lines and confused and confusing circumstances. It is decidedly well understood by those who have it considered the effect such movements.

TUESDAY—A BROTHER'S CRUELTY, FOR ABOLITIONISTS.—The season having arrived when the public generally will be delighted by the public generally town, the growing crop of persimmons, which, we learn by the following letter from Mr. Bradley, will be ready for eating the first of the coming month. We have been able to procure a few of the above named imported crop. The home demand, which is usually active at this period of the season, is not very large, the ravages of the cholera and other causes, dry weather, and the short export inquiry in all course checked by the unfavorable tenor of the foreign advices. It is difficult to account for the depressed condition of the Liverpool produce market, as the short crop and the consequent prospects so brilliantly set forth are reliable. Cotton, however, is the "sign" that the growing crop would be very large, the letter from Liverpool, which we should find a persimmon or two of the new crop, from some of the orchards belonging to the Governor, he marketed the first persimmon, had reached the port of New Orleans, and the

Selected Poetry.

THE EARLY DEAD.

[We find in the Boston Times the following beautiful lines inscribed to the friends of the late Mr. Thomas Hart, formerly of this city. Mr. Hart has left behind him a large circle of friends, both here and in Boston, who will rejoice to see this most fitting tribute to his memory.—*Portland Eclectic.*]

Weep for the early dead!
To ease the anguished heart of its wild pain,
Let the swift tears, like falling autumn rain,
In benevolence be shed.

Weep for yourselves alone—
Not that a loved one, freed from sin and tears,
Shall bow henceforth through the eternal years,
Low at our Father's throne;

Weep for the love that grew
It genial sunlight to cane's darkened way!
Fond and enduring affections day by day,
Through suffering, to the grave!

Joy that the soul is free!
That the worn frame has left its burden down;
That a fair, noble brow hath now its crown
Of immortality!

How bounded in Death,
When round the hinting ope an angel's smile
Dawns dazzlingly with a heaven'ly light the while,
An echo the worry breath.

How loosened is life's clasp,
The heart by cause no longer is oppress,
And sunbeam's hands lie folded o'er the breast,
As With a child's repose.

The far away graveyard dim—
Soon the white footsteps of the watery storm
Entering upon its silent sleeping form,
Shall hymn his requiem.

And Spring shall come again,
With sudden smiles—prophet of glorious hours!
And Summer, on her throne of blushing flowers,
Become her charmed reign.

And yet he shall not wake!
The soul that shares Heaven's glorious lot away,
Would ne'er reanimate the sleeping clay,
E'en for the fairest form.

Turn then in faith to Heaven.
That which is pure in heart, those who part in pain,
By suffering sanctified, shall meet again
Where endless rest is given.

Original Sketches.

LIFE'S CHANGES IN PRAIRIE LAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUNT ALICE.

They will certainly be the death of me these closed blinds and darkened parlors. I am suffering for fresh air; yes, I am suffering for it in my own rooms, and those of my neighbors sway out here on our prairie, where it can be had at any time, if fashion would permit. Oh! for the good old times, not very long past, when our best rooms were thrown open, and the best tin curtains allowed to flutter in the breeze from early morning until late at night. Bright there was then decorated our vestry room, and the open fireplaces were filled with fresh green leaves, while the hearth looked cozy and cheerful, being well rubbed with a soft, brick, dipped in sweet milk. Now a grim black board hides the friendly-looking fireplace, and the dull paint of the same color covers the tiny hearth; no leaves are left in our rooms to welcome us, and be unhealthy; and so they are, when shut up for days together in a close room. Ladies used to always take their seats within the parlor door, and, seated near a window, they would welcome the approach of a visitor by a cheerful smile ere they reached the gate. Now, all that is past. You may make a call at the most approved hour: all is still around, every blind close shut. One would think the house uninhabited, only that we know this is bedtime.

Before you reach the first step, you meet a sentinel in the shape of a patent scraper, which warns you to carry not to and fro the mire. Then, on the door-sill, lies a rag-looking mat, which says, as plainly as can be, "Leave your dust with me." You now suppose you can knock at the door; but not so; the door is covered with green blinds, and you must peep the little white knob at the side, and wait with what patience you can. If there is no sign of life in the course of fifteen minutes, you may leave your card on the door-mat, (very "comme il faut" and wait silently away; and this is a call to be returned in the same manner—in the course of a year! Should it not be returned a call is owed? But now suppose you are more fortunate; and, after waiting until your patience is nearly exhausted, you at last hear a step, and one-half of the said green blind is opened—and nothing that you are only half welcome—if you are invited, if you can squeeze through, by a girl, who has been called from the kitchen for the purpose, and who has learned not to close the parlor door, and who has learned to open the outside blind. Now you are in the hall, and the half-door closed behind you; all is darkness. You feel the gilt brush past you, and, opening another door leading to more intense darkness, she asks you in, and in you go, stumbling over chairs, otto mans, &c., until you are brought to anchor on the ends-table with such force that all the ornaments thereon jingle in chorus, as if to redeem a rather to their lonely call. In the meantime, the girl feels her way to a window and, turning a nail or two, lets in a silver-like light—very faint, but very acceptable. You now give your name to the girl, and, feeling about for a chair, you again wait in awful silence the appearance of your friend. Slowly you hear her descend the stairs—stop to rest on the landing—stop to speak to the girl—stop to speak to the girl—stop to speak to the girl